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## CHRONICLE-UNION.

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### WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Holdings to King who breath with the same."  
So in the Latin recently I read:  
And who could make truer, truer frame  
Than the sound counsel thus interpreted?  
Tis the old truth expressed in striking  
phrases,  
That evermore surrounding friends and  
foes  
Do by their life, or else life higher raise;  
That what one chooses on himself rests.  
So books we read do'er the mind affect—  
The pure or prurient in prose or verse;  
The mind will what is given it reflect:  
As doth the mirror light reflected disparage.  
Yes, and from trifling things we scarce do  
see,  
Or deem forgotten quite as soon as seen,  
The soul impressions takes indelibly—  
The soul's plate is not more sure and  
keen.

But further still, and more important far,  
The influence of a friend the life displays;  
Men imitate their fellows are  
From earliest youth to manhood's latest  
days.

Ah! true the proverb is as quaint its guise,  
And well it would be did more heed we  
give  
To this old saying, witty yet most wise:  
"He learns to limp who with the lame doth  
live."  
—Rev. Philip B. Strong, in Golden Days.

### OLD CLOTHES.

#### A Made-Over Jacket and What It Did for Its Owner.

If Carlyle had had my experience his  
philosophy of clothes would have been  
modified thereby. I cannot say in just  
what particular, but I am sure such an  
experience could not have failed to af-  
fect his views on the subject.  
I was the youngest of a family of  
six, and the law of succession to cast-  
off garments being firmly established  
in the family, I was brought up in old  
clothes. My sister Hannah was the  
eldest, next to her came Maria, then  
came Tom, my only brother, followed  
by the twins, Ludora and Isabella, and  
last, and in all respects least, I made  
my entrance into the family.

I suppose the law of succession afore-  
mentioned was a necessary feature of  
my mother's domestic economy, for she  
was left a widow shortly after my  
birth, without an abundance with  
which to support the family. Maria,  
being but a year and a half younger  
than Hannah, was very near her in  
size, and seldom had to suffer the in-  
felicity of wearing her outgrown or out-  
worn clothes. The fact of Hannah's  
having a new article of dress or adorn-  
ment was generally considered a suf-  
ficient reason that Maria should have it.  
Tom, being the only boy, was favored;  
and he was the only one who was per-  
mitted anything like extravagance in  
dress. His cast-off garments were  
given to our neighbor, Mrs. Hobbs,  
still poorer than we, to be converted  
into garments for "the little Hobbses,"  
as we used to call her numerous off-  
spring. Ludora and Isabella openly  
resented the "made-over" garments  
furnished them from Hannah and Ma-  
ria's wardrobes, and soon outgrew  
the possibility of being forced to  
wear them; but I think I must have  
been a poor-spirited child, for I not  
only "stayed little" so long that when  
I had, at last, grown tall the fact was  
quite ignored, but I generally accepted  
what was given me uncomplainingly,  
and when, on one occasion, I did give  
an angry expression to my detestation  
of our clothes and my desire for new  
ones, the family were astounded. My  
mother said she would not have  
thought it possible for her little Bab to  
show such a naughty temper and selfish  
spirit; and, seeing that I had brought  
her to the verge of tears, I refrained  
from further complaint, though the  
"little Bab" was, at that moment, as  
offensive to me as the cast-off gar-  
ments.

I never liked the name of "Bab,"  
which, in fact, is not my name, and  
really is not a name at all, being merely  
a contraction of baby, which had  
been worn for a short time by every  
child in the family, except the twins,  
to whom it could not be conveniently  
applied, and had, at last, like the old  
clothes, been given to me in final pos-  
session, while my own regal-sounding  
name of "Minerva" had been laid  
away, presumably as too good for my  
everyday wear. To the title of "Bab,"  
sufficiently diminutive in itself, was  
generally added the diminutive ad-  
jective "little," and I was called "little  
Bab" until I was fully five feet five,  
which is a little more than the height  
of either Hannah or Maria; but they  
possessing more avoirdupois and im-  
portance than I, no one ever thought  
of calling them little.

That this much wearing of old  
clothes had a manifest effect upon my  
destiny will clearly appear from the  
facts which I am about to relate. At  
the time of which I shall speak,  
Hannah and Maria were both married,  
and Tom was in his senior year in the  
college at D—. An epidemic of  
measles causing the college to close  
earlier than usual, he came home in  
March, accompanied by a friend who  
was a teacher there. I was absent on  
a visit to my Aunt Maria when they  
arrived, and when I returned home,  
this friend, Randolph Morey by name,  
—whom Ludora and Isabella, though  
they were both engaged, declared to  
be "splendid!" had gone on, taking Tom  
with him, to visit relatives in N—.

Soon after my return, Ludora and  
Isabella went to spend a week with  
Aunt Maria and do some special shop-  
ping with reference to the double wed-  
ding in which they were to figure not  
many weeks later. The next day  
after their departure my mother said:  
"Bab, I wish you would see that Tom's  
room is in order. He will be back

Saturday, and Ludora and Isabella were  
so busy with their sewing I don't think  
they made his room as neat as it might  
be."

I found that the room might be made  
neater. I picked up a garment which  
Tom had hung across a chair, and car-  
ried it to his closet, on entering which  
my eye fell upon a well-worn blue flannel  
coat and nether garments hanging  
there, and a novel idea flashed into my  
mind. Not long since a dress of dark  
blue serge had been made for me out  
of Ludora's and Isabella's old ones, and  
I needed a jacket of some heavier ma-  
terial, but matching the dress in color  
to make it quite complete and con-  
venient for the cool autumn days. It  
ripping up these garments and washing  
and pressing the better parts of them,  
I could get quite a respectable jacket  
out of them, and who would know from  
whence I obtained it? I knew  
Tom would not care, for, although  
there was still "right smart of wear in  
them," as Mrs. Hobbs would have said,  
they could be worn but little more  
without patching, and Tom abhorred  
patches.

I carried the garments to my mother  
to consult her. She, poor dear, having  
practiced making over until she had  
reduced the work to a science, "jumped  
at the idea," to use another of Mrs.  
Hobbs' expressions. By the close of  
the next day our united efforts had  
produced a jacket which, with the ad-  
dition of some pretty buttons and a  
neat binding of braid, was really quite  
stylish looking. The next evening I  
drove to the station to meet Tom and  
my friend, feeling quite "dressed up"  
and complacent in my new old dress  
and jacket. But alas for my complac-  
ency! I was soon to know the bitter-  
est mortification of my life.

The next morning Tom came to me  
in the dining-room and said: "Bab,  
what became of that blue flannel suit  
that was hanging in my closet?"  
"Do you want it?" I asked.

"Morey wants it," he said. "We're go-  
ing fishing, and as it's a little rainy he  
wants to wear it. He's a careful fel-  
low of his clothes."

I think the power to faint is not in  
me, or it would have asserted itself at  
that moment. If the earth had sud-  
denly opened at my feet, gladly would  
I have sunk into the yawning chasm.

"Oh! Tom!" I gasped. "I thought  
those things were yours, and I cut them  
up and made them into that jacket I  
wore to the station yesterday."  
"Cut them up?" exclaimed Tom, in  
consternation, which soon gave way to  
uncontrollable laughter.

While he was laughing, I had always  
been truthfully, whether from inherent  
goodness or lack of temptation, I can-  
not say, but I have a humiliating sus-  
picion that it may have been the latter,  
as, now that temptation presents it-  
self, I was willing to falsify, or rather,  
to have some one else do so for me.  
When Tom had subsided sufficiently to  
hear me, I said: "Tell him a tramp  
stole the clothes."

"A likely story," replied Tom, "that  
a tramp should find his way up into my  
closet and select that particular suit  
of old clothes as booty."  
"Well, tell him we thought the  
clothes were yours and gave them  
away," I urged.

"I shall tell him the truth!" said  
Tom, in a tone of moral severity quite  
unusual with him.

He went up to his room, where Mr.  
Morey was waiting. A few moments  
later I followed him up the steps and  
slipped into my own room, which ad-  
joined his, that I might see, or, rather,  
hear, how he performed the delicate  
task in hand. Other emotions were too  
strong within me to permit me to feel  
any scruples in playing eavesdropper.

When I reached my room I heard Tom  
assuring Mr. Morey, in a grave tone,  
the frequent tremors of which gave  
evidence of suppressed emotion, that I  
had deliberately appropriated the mis-  
sing articles to my own use.

"Tom, you are trying to sell me,"  
said Mr. Morey.

"No, she cut them u-u-u," replied  
Tom, the crescendo on the word "u"  
being caused by a burst of laughter,  
"and made—"

I determined to go in and explain the  
matter myself. It would be easier  
than meeting Mr. Morey after he had  
received Tom's explanation. I don't  
know what I said, but I made him un-  
derstand the situation, and he assured  
me the matter was of no consequence.

"I should have had but little further  
use for the clothes," said he. "I in-  
tended to take them home for my  
mother to make over for my little  
brothers; and I doubt not the boys  
would give you a vote of thanks, if  
they knew, for they don't like wearing  
made-over garments."

My heart went out, at once, to the  
little brothers.  
Mr. Morey managed somehow, with  
a delicacy of which I am sure no other  
man could have been capable, to con-  
vey to me a compliment on the feminine  
ingenuity which could produce so  
pretty a garment from such poor  
materials, and even expressed the hope  
that I would continue to wear it. But  
that I averred I never could do again,  
when Tom put in:

This ludicrous incident made Mr.  
Morey and me feel better acquainted  
in a few days than we should other-  
wise have done in weeks; and that the  
attack I had made on his wardrobe did  
not forever disgrace me in his mind was  
proved by the fact that at the end of  
his visit he asked permission to write  
to me, and within a year asked me to  
be his wife.

I have told this bit of personal ex-  
perience, not merely, as the casual  
reader may suppose, to make known  
how I happened to become Mrs. Ran-  
dolph Morey, but to point the moral to  
parents that the garments in which  
their children are clad may seriously  
affect the events which clothe their  
life's history.—Martha Glon Sperbeck,  
in *Demorest's Monthly*.

### WATERMELON REVIVALS.

An Interesting Religious Event in  
the South.

Regular Effects of the Fruit Season  
on Colored Help—White  
Folks Left in Their Own  
Resources.

This town is in the midst of one of  
the most successful watermelon revivals  
ever known in the south, says a Green  
Cove Springs (Fla.) correspondent of the  
New York Sun in a recent letter. The  
unusual fervor of excitement is said to  
be the result of the exceptionally fine  
melon crop, which in quality and quan-  
tity surpasses anything seen here in  
recent years. The revival began three  
weeks ago, as soon as the quality of  
the delicious yield had been proved by  
eating, and it is now at its height. As  
a consequence household operations are  
at a complete standstill and business of  
every kind is seriously interfered with.

The watermelon revival is a citro-  
religious event of annual recurrence in  
the melon-growing regions of the far  
south. It lays hold of the colored peo-  
ple only and gets its strongest grip on  
the sisters, but in a temporal way it af-  
fects the white residents hardly less  
powerfully. Throughout the melon sea-  
son the colored sisters and a majority  
of the brethren entirely give themselves  
up to the exquisite pleasure of the  
melon and the not less religious pain of  
religious conviction that precedes the  
ecstasy of conversion, which in turn  
leads quickly to exaltation and a com-  
plete condition. This latter condition  
is, next to heaven, the end sought for,  
but because of the duration of these  
trances or subjugation to "the power,"  
as it is called, many of the sisters fail  
to assimilate all of their share of this sea-  
son's melon crop. Thus Mrs. Kirk-  
patrick's cook lay in a trance for sev-  
eral days, and neither cooked nor ate,  
and this was when the melons were at  
their very best. Mrs. Buddington's col-  
ored maid was brought home in a dray  
at two o'clock in the morning and de-  
posited on the kitchen floor, where she  
lay rigid and with "eyes set," as this  
manifestation is termed, until at the  
end of three days Mrs. Buddington had  
her casted back to the church, in which  
she "got the power." Mr. Butler's cook  
got religion and rigidity early in the  
revival, and the task of finding a sub-  
stitute being manifestly hopeless, the  
family at once made arrangements to  
take their meals with a family in the  
same street who are not dependent on  
colored servants.

The industry that is doing nearly all  
the flourishing in the present crisis is  
that of the few worldly minded negroes  
who own a mule and cart. Business is  
brisk for these just now from the hour  
when the full moon shows above the  
further cypress-bordered shore of the  
St. Johns until the yellow disk fuses in  
the yellow sky of a midsummer morn-  
ing. All of the colored churches are  
open twenty-four hours a day—in the  
daytime for such as attain satiety of  
melons early and are prepared for the  
religious influences long before night-  
fall; throughout the night for all who  
come. Many who come to scoff remain  
to be carted away, and those who have  
religion get it again and likewise have  
need of the mule cart. So this teaming  
of precious and rigid human freight be-  
gins early in the evening, and goes on  
until the bull-bate cease their pursuit of  
nocturnal bugs.

The white residents are so seriously  
affected by the melon revival, in conse-  
quence of the impossibility of getting  
any service done by the colored sisters,  
that some of them do not hesitate to  
speak impatiently of the whole busi-  
ness and declare that those who get the  
most religion also collar the most mel-  
ons from the white man's patch; and  
now and then a sister who has seen  
many melon revivals, and is thus pre-  
pared to take a conservative view of the  
situation, replies: "Well, I spects that's  
so." All of the white residents are  
looking forward somewhat impatiently  
to the closing of the melon season and  
the synchronous competition of the re-  
ligious work; not because they mind  
the loss of a few melons, but because  
they greatly need the services of those  
who at all times, barring this period of  
annual occurrence, are faithful and  
valued servants.

Prepared to Hear the Worst.  
Old Lady—Doctor, do you think there  
is anything the matter with my lungs?  
Physician (after a careful examina-  
tion)—I find, madam, that your lungs  
are in a normal condition.  
Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation).  
—And about how long can I expect to  
live with them in that condition?—  
Pharmaceutical Era.

### THWARTING CATTLE RUSTLERS.

Forming on Their Sales and Compelling  
Them to Prove Ownership.

Attempts to frustrate cattle rustlers  
on the western ranges have met with  
so many failures that the cattle raisers  
have started off on a new tack with a  
new law in Wyoming that permits  
them to pounce upon the proceeds of  
the rustlers' sales in the markets and  
compel the proving of property before  
they can get their money. With that  
protection the cattle men have partly  
abandoned the expensive methods of  
protecting stock on the open ranges and  
have employed inspectors to watch the  
rustlers in the markets.

Under the law which was passed by  
the late legislature the stock commis-  
sion was organized. All of the money  
realized from the sale of all estrays and  
cattle of unknown ownership shipped  
to Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago  
must be sent to the commission. Its in-  
spectors look after the interests of the  
small owners and keep the rustlers  
from imposing on the buyers. The  
money received is known as the estray  
fund, and it has amounted this season  
to more than fifty thousand dollars.  
The commission holds the fund until  
proof of ownership of a share has been  
established. Cattle raisers are supplied  
by each county clerk every six months  
with lists of estrays that have been  
sold for which the commission holds  
the money. If a cattle raiser can claim  
any of the estrays he contests with the  
rustlers before the commission. The  
claim must be entered within a year,  
because the money is turned over to the  
general fund of the state at the end of  
that period. The commission will not  
pay any of the money to the rustlers  
except on the peremptory order of a  
court.

At present all cattle bearing a  
rustler's brand, or believed to be of a  
rustler's brand, according to the in-  
formation obtained by the commission,  
are seized by the inspectors in the prin-  
cipal markets and sold as estrays or cat-  
tle of unknown ownership. The rustlers  
dare not threaten, but they are asked  
in simple terms to show clear titles to  
the stock. The results have been so  
satisfactory that the commission has  
taken a bolder step, on the ground that  
a bill of sale is not sufficient to estab-  
lish ownership and that any man who  
buys a bunch of cattle from anyone be-  
lieved to be a rustler is worse than a  
rustler.

Three men who had cattle with re-  
corded and recognized brands bought  
small bunches from an outfit that, ac-  
cording to the belief of the commission,  
belonged to rustlers, and shipped some  
to Chicago. They received the money  
for the cattle with the proper brand,  
but the money for the cattle with the  
suspected brand was sent to the com-  
mission. Bills of sale were sent to the  
commission, rustlers have been sent to  
the commission at Cheyenne and suits at  
law have been instituted, but the com-  
mission refuses to return a dollar of  
the money. The argument is that by  
fraudulent bills of sale and collusion  
the rustlers might foil the efforts of the  
commission to prevent them from steal-  
ing cattle.

### THE VOLCANO IN THE SEA.

A Tunisian Island That Suddenly Disap-  
peared.

The submarine volcano which gave  
birth to Pantellaria recently has disap-  
peared. The island of Pantellaria, which  
is situated in the Sicilian Channel, has  
recently received considerable attention from the Paris  
papers. Pantellaria lies at the north-  
east of Tunis, and the disturbance oc-  
curred about a mile and a half from the  
west coast of the island. The sight,  
says the New York Sun, was grand be-  
yond description. The waves went up  
like mountains and roared in an im-  
mense whirlpool of boiling water, from  
the center of which came smoke and  
flames that rose far above the immense  
clouds of steam. All this was accom-  
panied by what might be called subma-  
rine thunder of the loudest and deep-  
est kind, while the water became black  
with the ashes of the volcano. Pantel-  
laria trembled, as well it might, and its  
few lazy inhabitants were thrown into  
the wildest excitement.

From the point where the phenome-  
non appeared on to the coast of Sicily,  
the bottom of the sea is volcanic, and  
Etna and Vesuvius are set down as the  
chimneys of the great furnace below.  
It is in the vicinity of this spot that the  
great submarine volcano of Giulia ap-  
pears from time to time, lifting its cone  
far above the water and throwing up  
lava and flames; and when it becomes  
exhausted it sinks down again with  
terrific rumblings, while the sea dances  
at a furious rate.

There is a funny story in connection  
with this eccentric volcano. In 1831  
Czar Nicholas sent some war vessels to  
reconnoiter the coast of Pantellaria  
with a view to building a fortress there.  
Just then there was an eruption of the  
Giulia, which sent up an island six  
kilometers in circumference. When the  
sea became tolerably cool and calm this  
island was captured by the crew of a  
British man of war. They planted upon  
it "the flag upon which the sun never  
sets." The guns boomed, the sailors  
cheered, and the band played  
"Rule Britannia." At the close of the  
ceremonies the island began to shake,  
and soon it was discovered that it was  
slowly sinking down into the sea. Then  
there was a grand skedaddle for the  
boats, and shortly after the British  
tars had reached their vessels the island  
was gone. It drowned itself rather than  
belong to the English. The Russians  
laughed, but they never got their fort-  
ress on Pantellaria.

### HARD TO BELIEVE.

LIZBIE ARNOLD of Fenton, Mich.,  
weighs only eighteen pounds, and is  
twenty-seven years old.

EPHRAIM HOMER, of Donegal town-  
ship, has an apple tree which was in  
full bearing in 1777. As it bore fruit  
under British rule, its age is estimated  
at one hundred and thirty years.

JAMES HENDERSON, an old sailor at  
Norfolk, Va., has an image of a full-  
rigged ship tattooed upon his arm which  
is so small that it cannot be fully dis-  
tinguished without the aid of a magni-  
fying glass.

In 1808, Robert T. Barker, of New  
Bedford, Mass., read the Bible through,  
for the first time. Since that date he  
has read it ninety-nine times. It usually  
takes him two months to read it from  
beginning to end.

A FLY caused the death of a man at  
Vienna. He was walking the street  
when the insect suddenly took a pos-  
ition on his forehead. As soon as it left  
a swelling appeared and the man soon  
afterward died of blood poisoning.

A PALMYRA woman could not believe  
her own eyes recently when she found  
a strawberry measuring six inches in  
circumference. An investigation  
showed that it was made of no less  
than eleven berries which had grown  
together, making a great sight.

### HORSE STORIES.

A HORSE belonging to John Burtless,  
of Tipton, Mich., was found to be cov-  
ered with honey bees the other day and  
a fire had to be built to remove them.  
The horse may die.

A FARMER near Amite, La., owns a  
horse that will not drink from the wa-  
tering trough if any of the mules  
drink first. He does not seem to object  
to drinking after horses, but draws the  
line at mules.

A HORSE at Irvington, Cal., that was  
annoyed while taking his daily meal  
from a bucket by a flock of hens,  
especially by one big black hen, one  
day turned his bucket over on his tor-  
mentor and left her imprisoned under  
it, where she remained till the next  
morning.

THE Springfield Republican records a  
notable horse trade made in that vicin-  
ity: "A well-known jockey secured a  
showy colt and hid himself to the Dale  
to see the boys. When he came back,  
he was driving a fine black horse, lead-  
ing a good bay, while there followed be-  
hind a pair of oxen, a cow, an old sow  
and eight pigs."

### WHY?

Why are the authors of books that  
teach how to get rich invariably poor?  
Why does a restaurant-keeper take  
his meals, when he can, at some one  
else's restaurant?

Why does a man speak broken Eng-  
lish to a foreigner who cannot under-  
stand good English?

Why does a man who cannot make  
another agree to his arguments shout  
instating them a second time?

Why do great men always wear bad  
hats, when they have the money to buy  
them?

Why does a man turn his head to ob-  
serve a pretty woman, while a woman  
nearly turns her eyes to observe a  
handsome man?

Why does a caller in an office build-  
ing, hotel or tenement house begin his  
inquiries for some one he is seeking at  
the top story instead of the basement?—  
N. Y. Sun.

### FACTS FROM ALL SOURCES.

THERE is a mountain of coal in Wild  
Horse valley, Wyo., which has been  
burning for thirty years.

Missouri is the most populous state  
west of the Mississippi, and is nearly  
as big as all of New England.

A LIST of the proprietors of the Lon-  
don Times shows that they are seventy  
in number and include many women.

LADY snake charmers are getting  
scarce and the wages paid them by  
American museum managers have risen  
to one hundred dollars a week.

NEEDLES, even in the days of Henry  
VIII., were so rare that an old play  
records the fact that a whole village  
turned out to hunt for a lost one "by  
the light of a cat's eye."

The emigration from Germany to  
America during the first five months of  
the present year amounted to 55,547,  
or nearly 10,000 more than the largest total  
during any five months of the last five  
years.

### A Colored Claqueur.

One of the Washington theaters en-  
joys the distinction of having a pro-  
fessional claqueur on its roll of em-  
ployees. He is a negro of athletic build,  
says the New York World, with an ex-  
tremely dark skin and enormous  
mouth, and a fine set of shining ivory  
teeth. But his most notable characteristic  
is his laugh. It is by turns soft, resonant,  
harsh, strident and mellow. He is in  
his place in the top gallery throughout  
a summer season of light opera, and he  
never misses a farce-pomposy or a  
minstrel show. He always knows when  
and how to laugh. He sits with his  
chin on the rail and enjoys himself in a  
highly infectious fashion, the audience  
frequently laughing more heartily at  
him than at the performance. A clever  
touch of comedy will provoke an ap-  
preciative chuckle, a good joke elicits a  
hearty guffaw, while a fine sample of  
"stuffed club" humor fairly convulses  
him. After each performance he stops  
at the box-office and collects his salary  
of twenty-five cents a night.







# CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Personal.

Mrs. Court, sister of Mrs. O. A. Schuman, left for San Francisco on Gelatt's Carson stage yesterday morning.

A. F. Bryant is expected home from San Francisco next week.

### WINTER PLEASURES.

On Saturday last, the echoes of the mountain recesses about Fales' Hot Springs Station were awakened into life by the sound of merry sleigh bells and the voices, shouts and songs of as happy a congregation of pleasure seekers as could be gathered in any community. Sleigh after sleigh discharged its joyous load of occupants until between thirty and forty Bridgeporters crowded the parlors and sitting rooms, all determined to put aside the cares of business, and all else, for the time being, and give themselves up to a holiday of genuine pleasure and recreation away from the crowded streets of the county metropolis.

The first movement on the part of all, after removing their wraps, was to give themselves up to the luxurious enjoyment of one of those health-giving, delicious baths for which the natural foaming, seething mineral waters of these famous springs are so widely noted. For an hour or more the steam, plunge and tub baths were crowded. Then with happy hearts, and appetites sharpened by their ride of fourteen miles in the wintry air, all gathered around the festal board, spread by the genial landlord and smiling hostess, and discussed the choice viands with a vigor and gusto that could find an equal only under like circumstances by as healthy a people, in a pure mountain atmosphere like that surrounding the Springs. Then came the flow of wine, the feast of soul, sentiment and song, the music being led by Professor Heath, assisted by many of the ladies present, and the Bridgeport Glee Club, fairly making the solemn old hills about and reverberate back their sweet songs and choruses of gladness and mirth. Then the dining room was cleared and the band struck up its inspiring strains, and the feet of the merry dancers kept nimble time to the inspiring music until the solemn tones of the cathedral bell of the old clock on the mantel warned the throng of merry makers of the advent of the Sabbath morning. Then a short rest, and another healthful bath, an excellent breakfast, and another dashing, invigorating sleigh-ride of fourteen miles—all interspersed with music, songs, jokes, and happy repartees, and they were back in Bridgeport, all unanimously voting the occasion one of the most enjoyable of their lives. Mrs. Sam. Fales and her wife, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Hampton, having left nothing undone to make their visit pleasant. Among the guests the following were noted:

Superior Judge W. H. Virden and wife, County Clerk J. D. Murphy and wife, C. M. Stewart and wife, Charles E. Day and wife, Mrs. L. Donnel, Mrs. Minnie Hampton, Misses Addie and Ella Donnel, Dora Hardy, Birdie Murphy, Laura Sammers, Clara Walz, Maud Stewart, Gertrude Towle. A. H. Allen, Oscar Brown, C. E. Heath, Baxter Barnes, C. L. Hayes, George and Frank Hughes, Fred Koch, Grant Patterson, B. L. Simmons, Jewell Summers, Al Taylor, Wesley Stewart, Myron Walz, Sam Smith, Alex. Gooss.

UP WITH THE FLAG.—Peter Forrester, of New York, and President of the Carson River Dredge Company, one year ago presented the Dayton, Nev., school with a fine American flag. When in Dayton a short time ago he noticed the flag was not flying, and was told the pupils thought it was too fine a flag to hoist every day, so on his return to New York he sent a smaller one, with the express understanding that it shall be hoisted on the school house every day of the year, and if the winds blow it to pieces he will replace it with another. Such patriotism should be appreciated by the Dayton school and "Old Glory" should be flying daily, and so it should be on every school house in the land, but it is seldom seen on our Bridgeport School house staff—even on holidays.

COUNTY WOOD.—James Logan has completed the delivery of the fifty cords of wood contracted for by the Supervisors at their last meeting, and a better lot of fuel the county never had, and it did well in getting it from Logan, who gives good wood and good measure. The Court House is well provided for in this respect.

THE WEATHER.—The weather has been both pleasant and unpleasant this week—some days quite pleasant, and others cloudy and snow spitting—but, taking it as a whole, we have had a very pleasant winter—but we may get a good dose of winter about the 22nd, as we did last year.

CASE.—According to the financial statements filed on the 1st, the following mining companies had cash on hand:

Gold ..... \$11,728 00  
Silver ..... 1,347 00  
Copper ..... 5,000 00  
Standard ..... 23,000 00  
Syndicate ..... 2,191 16

COUNTY MONEY.—On Monday the money in the County Treasury was counted by the proper officers, who found therein the proper amount—\$22,670 70.

PREVALENT.—The scarlet fever has taken a fresh hold in this town, a number of children being down with it. Our warning of a few issues since has had the effect to make our people more careful in the treatment of this disease, and the houses now containing it are quarantined. The children of Sheriff Cody and Ben H. Miller have been quite sick with it, but are getting along nicely. Two new cases were reported yesterday, and we hear that the closing of the school is contemplated. It is our opinion the children had better be in school than running about town and exposing themselves to the disease.

THE BRODER CASE.—The Conklin-Broder case, transferred from Inyo county to our Superior Court, came up on Wednesday on a motion for a new trial. R. S. Miner appeared for Broder and Judge Good all for Conklin. After hearing affidavits and arguments, the case was continued by Judge Virden until the 7th of March.

DIRECTORS APPOINTED.—Governor Markham has appointed A. H. Allen, of Bridgeport, and J. L. C. Sherwin, of Benton, Directors of the 18th Agricultural District, to represent Mono county. The Governor has done well, as the new Directors are agriculturists and will attend to the business of the Association.

MAT NOT BE.—It may be that the Ladies Leap Year ball will not come off. The sickness among the children will probably prevent the ladies giving it any further attention.

MASQUERADE.—The Three P's, of Bodie, will give their annual masquerade ball on the 22nd—Washington's Birthday. We learn that the music will be furnished by our Bridgeport Quadrille Band.

GOING.—The snow has been running off our streets very lively this week, and wheeling will soon be in order again—if we do not have another installment of the beautiful.

NEXT FRIDAY.—A masquerade ball is to be given at Wellington's, Smith Valley, on next Friday evening. It will be a gay one.

IT WAS COLDER.—The thermometer standing at 10 above zero at 7 o'clock this morning.

THE TRUSTEES.—The Trustees have closed the school for a while. We fear they have made a mistake.

FOR SALE.—A second-hand high-arm Domestic sewing machine for sale very cheap by Thomas Fales.

### REMAINS FOUND.

Late yesterday afternoon U. V. Hayden and Z. X. Warren started to come from Empire to Carson, on foot, by way of the prison road. In the little ravine a quarter of a mile beyond the prison, Mr. Hayden turned up the canyon for some purpose unknown, and in a little lump of willows he discovered a remaining portion of a human being. It was left undisturbed and notice given to the proper officers when they reached town. There is not sufficient in sight to give any hope of identification or the solution of a mystery which may possibly be backed by a crime. Two years ago, during the heavy storms, two men were seen from a distance to be apparently quarreling at the mouth of this little canyon. Whether this quarrel resulted in murder will never be known. So far as can be recalled now, the two men were prospectors, traveling in company, and probably partners. They were known in Lundy, California, as Robert Hains and "Big Tom." Hains returned to Lundy and reported that "Big Tom" had gone to Montana, but it is a strange and perhaps significant fact that, although well known in Mono county, and well known by many who had preceded him from that region to Montana, "Big Tom" has never been heard of since he was seen in Carson some two years ago.—Carson News, Jan. 29th.

A GRAND PAPER.—The best and most creditable Republican daily paper in the United States—and we do not say this in disparagement of other Republican papers, is the New York Press. It is doing a grand work for the Republican Party, and it is quoted from more than any other paper in the country. Its "Tariff Pictures" weekly tell the American people the beneficial results attending the enactment of the McKinley Tariff law, which has started up manufacturing in every section of the country and furnished employment to thousands and upon thousands of our people. The editorials of the Press are dignified, pointed and spicy, and it is withal one of the most readable papers in the country. Its terms are very low, so that the poorest can afford to subscribe for it. We call attention to its advertisement in another column. It is a good paper for Republicans, and Democrats, also, to take during the campaign.

### A VERY COMMON WANT.

"Out of sorts," "distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable, undefined sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood to remedy which an effective stomachic is persistently used is the paramount need, is constituted. Reinforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthy secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and its grippe. Thoroughly effective it is too for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

### BENTON SCHOOL REPORT.

Mrs. M. Meeker, Teacher.  
Report of Benton School, for January.  
ROLL OF HONOR.  
Charles Buck, George Forrey, John Forrey, James Forrey, Eddie McCaffrey, Lily King, James Watterson.

### THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

The Exposition buildings, as required by Act of Congress, will be dedicated "with appropriate ceremonies," on October 12, 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The exercises will occupy three days, beginning on the 11th and closing on the 13th with a grand dedication ball. The Committee having the matter in charge has planned to make the ceremonies most impressive in character. Something like \$300,000 will be spent to secure this end. The President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Senate and House of Representatives, the Governors of the several states with their staffs, and representatives of all foreign nations will be invited to be present. The mobilization of 10,000 militia and several thousand regulars is planned, as is also an imposing civic and industrial display. In the evenings there will be a magnificent display of fireworks, and in the Park waterways a pageant of symbolical floats, representing the "Procession of the Centuries." In the dedicatory exercises on the 12th, the completed buildings will be tendered by the President of the Exposition to the National Commission. President T. W. Palmer will accept them on behalf of that body and will at once present them to the President of the United States, who will fittingly respond. The dedicatory oration will follow. Much attention is being given to the musical portion of the programme. This will include a dedicatory ode and orchestra marches written for the occasion. These and other numbers, including "America" and "Star Spangled Banner" will be rendered with full choral and orchestral accompaniment.

### AN INYO BOOK.

It will be remembered that H. A. Herbert, the owner of the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, visited Inyo county, last year and bought 15,000 acres of land near Owens Lake. It is now announced that 400 Irish families will shortly arrive in Inyo to settle on that property. Herbert will start a town, and has contracted in England for well-built paper houses, which are said to cost from \$100 to \$300, the latter having four or five rooms, and make a good shelter, being proof against the worst weather. He will also establish various industries, and go extensively into fruit growing. The first arrivals are expected about the 1st of March.

The increase in the manufacture of beer in New York city alone in the year ended April 30 last was more than 3,000,000 barrels. New York city now consumes annually a trifle more than 30,000,000 barrels of beer. At the present rate of increase the consumption in the city ten years from now will be 50,000,000 barrels.

All but nine States out of the forty-nine in the U. S. now make scientific temperance education compulsory in their common schools. There are between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 children in America to whom it is required that this instruction be given.

Not long ago in London a preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection and he did it very neatly. "When I look at the congregation," said he, "I ask: Where are the poor? and when I look at the collection I ask: Where are the rich?"

The Carson News of Sunday last favored its readers with an 8-page edition. It was illustrated with views of Carson's public buildings, and portraits of the public men of that city and of the State, and was a credit to its young proprietor.

The remains of the soldiers buried at Camp Independence, Inyo county, but now abandoned by the Government, are to be removed to the National Cemetery at San Francisco.

The Chileans have found out that Egan saved the lives of Congressmen and Senators, and both factions are now opposing his recall.

### A PATRIOTIC WORK.

Every person who is opposed to Free Trade and favors American industrial independence secured through the policy of Protection, should read the documents published by the American Protective Tariff League. As a patriotic citizen it is your duty to place these documents in the hands of your friends. They are interesting and instructive, and embrace discussions of all phases of the Tariff question. The League publishes over 100 different documents, comprising nearly 600 pages of plainly printed, carefully edited and reliable information. Among the authors of these documents are: Hon. James G. Blaine; Wm. McKinley, Jr., Governor of Ohio; Senator B. M. Canham, of Illinois; Senator Joseph N. Dolph, of Oregon; Senator A. S. Paddock, of Nebraska; Senator Wm. of Maine; Senator Casey, of North Dakota; Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey; Hon. Robert F. Forney, of Washington; Prof. J. E. Doherty, of the Agricultural Department at Washington; Commodore W. H. S. Hughes; Hon. E. A. Hartmann, of New York; Congressman Bolivar of Iowa; Hon. R. F. Johnson, David Hill, Sen. of Boston; Ex-Congressman Perkins, of Kansas; Dr. E. P. Miller, of New York; Hon. Geo. Draper, of New York; Hon. C. J. Edwards, of Texas; Judge Wm. Lawrence, of Ohio; Hon. D. G. Hartman, of New York; Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, of Kansas; Hon. R. H. Amundson, of New York; Noah Bailey, of Tennessee.

This complete set of documents will be sent to any address, post paid, for Fifty (50) Cents. Address, William F. Wadsworth, Sec'y, No. 31, West Third St., Third Street, New York.

## REPORT OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

TO THE HON. W. H. VIRDEN, JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:  
D. M. Walters, Public Administrator of said County, respectfully makes this his return of all Estates of Decedents which have come into his hands, and which will remain unsettled on the 21st day of January, 1892, in pursuance of the provisions of Section 1752, of the Code of Civil Procedure.

### LETTERS GRANTED.

William Robson, January 21st, 1891.  
Jacob Weaver, January 21st, 1891.  
J. K. Denison, July 24th, 1891.  
Ah Quong Tia, July 19th, 1891.  
William Mooney, July 23d, 1891.  
Ah Woon, July 21st, 1891.  
William H. Stanton, September 19th, 1891.

### APPRAISED VALUE OF ESTATE.

William Robson	\$ 280 00
Jacob Weaver	175 00
J. K. Denison	100 00
Ah Quong Tia	1,815 00
William Mooney	4,897 00
Ah Woon	181 00
William H. Stanton	457 10

### MONEY WHICH CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson	None.
Jacob Weaver	45 50
J. K. Denison	175 00
Ah Quong Tia	987 25
William Mooney	9,741 21
Ah Woon	180 00
William H. Stanton	423 50

### FEES AND EXPENSES PAID BY ADMINISTRATOR FOR BENEFIT OF ESTATE.

William Robson	\$125 00
Jacob Weaver	1 00
J. K. Denison	100 00
Ah Quong Tia	567 50
William Mooney	625 33
Ah Woon	125 00
William H. Stanton	100 00

### BALANCE CASH IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson	None
Jacob Weaver	None
J. K. Denison	None
Ah Quong Tia	\$ 309 50
William Mooney	4,499 25
Ah Woon	57 00
William H. Stanton	323 50

### PROPERTY, EXCLUSIVE OF MONEY, IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson, Real Estate	\$ 820 00
Jacob Weaver, "	1,100 00
Ah Quong Tia, "	200 00

### MONEYS BELONGING TO DECEDENTS HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED WITH THE COUNTY TREASURER AS FOLLOWS:

Ah Quong Tia	\$ 600 00
William Mooney	1,771 21
Ah Woon	190 00
William H. Stanton	207 00

### MONEYS STILL REMAINING IN HANDS OF COUNTY TREASURER.

Ah Quong Tia	\$ 305 50
William Mooney	4,499 25
Ah Woon	57 00
William H. Stanton	207 00

The Decree of Distribution has been filed in the Matter of the Estate of William Mooney and the sum of Four Thousand, Six Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars, and Twenty-nine Cents (\$4699 29) has been distributed and paid over to Ellen E. Hinds, of Gardner, Mass., one of the heirs at law of said decedent. The sum of Four Thousand, Four Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars and Twenty-nine cents still remains in the hands of the County Treasurer, and will be turned over to the other heir at law, Mary Sullivan, of Stoughton, Mass., as soon as said heir appears to receive the same.

The Real Estate belonging to said Decedent has been equally divided and distributed to said heirs.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
COUNTY OF MONO.

D. M. Walters, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the Public Administrator of the County of Mono, State of California, and the foregoing is a full, true and correct return of all the Estates herein above named; that he is not, and was not at any time interested in the expenditure of any kind made on account of any estate he administered, nor is he associated in business or otherwise with any one so interested.

D. M. WALTERS,  
Public Administrator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1892.

J. D. MURPHY,  
Clerk.

Indorsed:  
Report of Public Administrator for term ending December 31st, 1891.  
CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for D. M. Walters.  
Filed Jan. 21, 1892. J. D. Murphy, Clerk.  
[J215w]

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### PALACE SALOON.

(Brick Building)

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.  
THOMAS FAYES.

#### BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. And will be conducted first-class.

J215f B. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor

#### PIONEER SALOON.

GURNEY BUILDING—MAIN STREET.

BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a first-class saloon.

J215f F. M. RICHARDSON.

## BEST

## JOB PRINTING

## AT

## THIS OFFICE.

## AT THE

## LOWEST RATES.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

# A FRESH AND GENERAL

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# AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

# D. HAYS & BRO.

# CHEAP CASH STORE

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# EVERY DESCRIPTION

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# BEDROCK PRICES.

# A. F. BRYANT.

# JOE A. BROWN.

# General Merchandise,

Main Street, Bridgeport.

# Choice Family Groceries,

# Fancy and Toilet Articles

# Candles and Nuts

# Yankee Notions.

# Powder, Shot, Caps and

# Cartridges,

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THIS PAPER

THE

CHRONICLE-UNION

IS THE

PIONEER JOURNAL

OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.



## FISHING FOR SHARKS.

### Terrific Struggle with a Ferocious Man-Eater.

The cool, dim shadows of early dawn still clung to the leeward side of things as old Cap'n Joel made sail on the little sloop. A mild breeze came up from the southward and stirred into lazy life the vagrant patches of mist that hung here and there on the surface of Great South bay. Away out in the solitude of water the lighthouse on Fire Island loomed faintly against the rosy sky.

"Tide's on the change now," said the old man, as he let the sloop's head pay off. "We're mebbe a little late for the first run, but we'll get 'em further along, and mebbe one or two on the turn. Never can tell about shark's ways, though. Mebbe won't get a bite all day."

"Don't croak, Cap'n Joel," said I, as I trimmed in the jib sheet, with that elaborate attention to detail which so plainly suggests that time is a burden on one's hands. "We may get a whale before night."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," admitted the old man, "but the chances are agin it. I don't believe in rainin' no hopes, an' sharks is mighty uncertain. I remember one day last summer I had a city man out after sharks, and we sailed and sailed and never a bite did we get."

"Had you hired by the hour, I suppose."

Cap'n Joel looked hurt. I always manage to hurt the old man's feelings early in the morning, so that he will be tractable for the rest of the day. When I fish for sharks I want a skipper who will obey like a Chinaman. In return for hurting the old man's feelings I invariably make it up to him in some other way at the close of the trip.

"Man-eaters plenty this year, Cap'n Joel?" I asked, cheerfully and briskly.

"Not so darned plenty," the old fellow grumbled, making a pretense of squinting carefully under the boom, as though he was calculating the danger to be feared from two other sloops about six miles off.

"Anybody caught any?"

"Not as I know on." He was still grumbling. "Taint many folks as fish for sharks. Most people's got something better to do." For Cap'n Joel this was very severe, but I had hit him in a very tender spot. "Where'll I head for?" he asked, almost sullenly.

"For the inlet, to be sure. Seems to me that you forget things very quickly." I was still brisk and cheerful. The old man muttered to himself. He knew well enough where to go, but his feelings were hurt, and when the old fellow's feelings are hurt he acts like a boy.

As we went along close hauled for the Fire Island inlet I made ready my new shark tackle. Cap'n Joel had never seen it before, and in ordinary circumstances he would have been as curious and as eager about it as a child, but he said never a word. When I had last fished with the old man I had used a heavy trolling line, one end of which was made fast to the boat. When I hooked a shark I simply hauled in hand over hand by main force. This year I decided to put a little more skill into shark fishing, and for that purpose I prepared an extra strong bass rod and reel, and fitted to it as stout a line as I could find that would run readily on the reel. I intended to play the shark as I would play a bass. Old Cap'n Joel sniffed contemptuously, but silently, as he took note of the new-fangled shark tackle, but I let him alone in his shell.

It was my purpose to meet the incoming flood tide at the inlet, and to reach back and forth across it until I was satisfied with the day's sport. Sharks follow the smaller fish into the Great South bay with each tide, and sometimes a big one will come along and stir up the bathers on the beach at Fire Island. The fun that a shark can have with a lot of women and children along a bathing beach is something out of the ordinary run of American humor. The shark probably enjoys it, and it never does the bathers any physical harm.

The wind came in a little fresher with the flood, so that the sloop had good working headway. She would jibe quickly, and not too hard, while at the same time she could be luffed up in a twinkling. I baited the large hook with a plump mossbunker, which the old man had provided the day before, and threw it overboard.

"Black away and stand off and on across the flood," said I. The sloop filled away with lifted sheets. The long line trailed astern with constantly increasing pressure. Away off on the lee quarter there was a slight commotion on the surface of the water, and in a minute or two I fancied that I could catch a glimpse now and then of a shark.

"Do you see any sign of game?" I said to Cap'n Joel, as he came about and stood back toward Fire Island beach.

"There's one or two sharks about," he answered, but he did not explain where they might be found. Then we stood off and on again without catching sight of the triangular fin.

Suddenly there came a tremendous jerk on the stout line, the reel gave a wild scream and began to revolve like a buzz-saw, and the stiff rod bent like a whip. I had struck big game. I put on the check very quickly, and as the velocity of the line lessened I thought of the pain that the big hook was causing in the mouth of the ferocious sea devil. The pain would stop him if the line would not. Presently the line slackened and I reeled in furiously.

"Ease off and run for it," I shouted, "or he will be on us." The little sloop gathered headway and darted off before the wind, but still the line was slack. The shark was trying to see what held him. In about two minutes I had the line tight again, and then I had the sloop brought up into the wind. The shark then took a notion that he would go across the bay

on his own account, but before he had made away with half of the line the lively little sloop was chasing him. All the time I kept up a steady pull on the line, now holding fast and then slackening away, as the necessity of the situation seemed to require. The shark was getting vicious. Suddenly he made a lunge and changed his course.

"Jibe over! quick!" I called out. "He's after us again." The nimble sloop turned like a top and went racing away toward Babylon, with her lee rail awash. I reeled in as fast as I could turn my hand. The shark came on like a race horse, dragging the slack line after him. He made straight for the boat.

"Luff lively," I shouted; "luff, or we lose him." The sloop came into the wind shaking and fluttering. It may have been the change of course or it may have been the pull of the line, but whatever it was, the shark just missed the rudder. If he had fouled it, we should have lost him. I saw him plainly as he darted past, and in my perspiring and panting condition he looked to be the living incarnation of devilish ferocity. The sloop bore away, and in a moment more I had the shark towing by jerks at the end of the line, and the line well in the reel at that.

The shark was by no means subdued, however, for he led us a lively chase for fully half an hour after that. The nimble little sloop ran, and reached, and luffed, and came about, and jibbed, and spun around like a crazy thing, and all the while old Cap'n Joel said never a word. He was kept nearly as busy as I was, for it is no small task to keep a sloop dancing about on the water like a monkey on a hot brick. The old man was perspiring freely, but he worked to perfection. He knew as well as I did what to do, and when I gave an order he was already to obey it instantly. He could have done it all without an order, but on board ship nothing is done without instructions from the man in charge.

"What do you take this 'ere sloop for, anyway, a top?" he grumbled, as he filled away for the twentieth time. "Been a dancin' about like a looney for the past half hour." I knew by this that he was warning up to the excitement of the occasion. His sullen and resentful feelings had come out of him as he began to perspire over his work.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour I was about to give up the fight as hopeless, but I resolved to keep it up until I fairly dropped down from sheer weariness. I never had been so completely tired out in all my life. The shark was altogether too heavy for this sort of fishing. A smaller shark would have been sport, but this was something like hard work. After a time, however, I noticed that the big fellow on the end of the line was becoming less ugly and energetic. He made a dash now and then, but he did not keep it up. By degrees I reeled him in toward the boat. I did it all very slowly and cautiously, for I did not wish him to make a particularly desperate break for liberty and get away from me. I felt that I had not enough strength left to resist him. After some trouble I got him within a short distance of the boat.

"Stand by with the lance, Cap'n Joel," said I. The old man dropped the tinner and took up a lance made of a bayonet fastened to the end of a bamboo fishing-rod. He knelt on the deck beside me, with the lance poised over the water and with his toes braced against the standing rigging. I gently coaxed the shark alongside directly under us.

"Stab him," said I, and almost before the sound of the words had died away the keen bayonet had flashed into the shark's head and out again twice. The third stab went into the unresisting water, for the shark thrashed the water into foam with his great tail and tore off across the bay. The reel screamed again and again as the wounded thing, crazed with pain and rage, darted here and there. Wherever he rushed he left a thin trail of blood. Although I was no longer so heavily oppressed with weariness I took my time about checking him, for I knew that I had him then.

When the wild creature's fury was spent I reeled him in again to the boat. He was weak, but still game to the last. Cap'n Joel stabbed him four times, but even with that the fish made a desperate struggle for life. Cap'n Joel put a noose around under his forward fins, and we hauled him aboard by means of tackle already prepared for that purpose. We let him hang in the rigging while we bore away for home.

When I was rested a bit I started to measure him with a tape line. As I fussed about him he made a lurch and gave a vicious snap with his ugly jaws that caused me to fall headlong on the cabin roof. His razor-like teeth missed my left arm by barely six inches. Old Cap'n Joel grinned like a fiend and chuckled to himself all the way home. It must have been the shark's last death spasm, for when I took the lance and prodded him with it he made no further demonstration. He was dead beyond all recall.

On the way home I put the tape line on him. I found that he was a little more than five feet long. This is not large for a man-eater; in fact it was merely an ordinary sort of Great South bay shark. While I was cutting off a fin he slipped out of the noose and fell overboard, and that was the last we saw of him. He might have been a man-eater for all that I could tell to the contrary. If he were not, it was solely through lack of proper opportunity. — N. Y. Times.

**Good Authority for It.**  
Mr. F. Humsleigh Blakey—I didn't like what Thorley said about the Blakey coat-of-arms; that it was too elaborate to be very ancient.

**Miss S.**—Don't mind him. That only shows his ignorance. Why, the D'Agincourts have borne it for centuries.—Life.

—At Ledbury, England, where Mrs. Browning spent much of her childhood, a monument to her will be set up probably in the form of a clock tower of brick and stone, with a bronze bust and a quotation from "Aurora Leigh."

## A BANDIT QUEEN.

### Surrounded by Outlaws in the Australian Wilds.

Reclaimed by Love from Her Wild and Lawless Life and Now Residing with Her Husband in America.

Three years ago Mrs. Wharton J. Anderson, a middle aged woman of rare beauty, was the leader of a band of outlaws in Australia. Although possessed of over a quarter of a million of dollars, she went to that wild country, collected the band and placed herself at the head of it. Her object was not to steal, but to enable her, for the first time in her life, to have absolutely her own way in everything and make her will law. Her outlaws—for outlaws they certainly were—were paid to do her bidding, and to them she became known as "The Bandit Queen."

Up to the time she was twenty-five years of age, says the San Francisco Examiner, she had never had her wish in the slightest thing, and even her smallest wish was denied. Left an orphan when but a year old, she was adopted by Maj. E. Thompson, a cruel, stern man, who absolutely governed her as a man would an animal. A woman, he always declared, was simply a slave. About four years ago he died, leaving all his property to his adopted daughter.

When she found herself in possession of a fortune she knew at last that the aim of her life was reached. She converted everything into cash and went to Australia.

Gradually she gathered around her men who were well-known in that country for fearlessness and who lived on the proceeds of their unlawful acts. She finally collected a band of thirty members. Each she compelled to take an oath to do her slightest wish. To each she paid a large monthly salary, and all they had to do to earn it was to obey her.

Mounted on the finest horses that could be procured, with the queen at the head, the band that was soon to become famous rode to the large wooden house that had purposely been erected in a secluded and most desolate spot. There they lived on every luxury that the season afforded. Dressed in dazzling costume the queen commanded them, and her most absurd order was instantly obeyed. She went so far as to attempt to mold the men's thoughts.

Gradually it became known that a beautiful woman was the leader of a lawless band and the strange house became the sole topic of conversation. She was declared to be enormously rich, and many weird stories were told about her. She never appeared in the towns or cities, and she was a mystery to all.

Many wealthy Englishmen heard of her, and all desired to behold her. William Griffin, a young officer of the queen's army, who was stationed in Australia, became possessed of a strange idea that he must see the mysterious woman who, Dame Fortune said, was remarkably beautiful. Securing a leave of absence he set out for her palace, and after a weary journey he found himself within her grounds.

No sooner had he entered than he was seized by armed men and roughly rushed into the presence of the one he sought.

"You are my prisoner for three months," she said, "and for three months you must obey my wishes."

Each day she issued a written set of orders for the prisoner to execute and his keepers saw that he obeyed the orders to the letter. Two hours each day he spent in her presence and listened silently to her as she told him of his many faults and the many reforms that would have to occur before he was liberated. He was made to ride the wildest of horses, perform daring feats he never thought he was capable of, and sometimes he was compelled to work about the place.

When three months had gone he was ushered into the leader's presence, and after she compelled him to take an oath to respect all women for the remainder of his life he was escorted by mounted men about two miles from the place and set at liberty.

About nine months ago Wharton J. Anderson, a wealthy young Englishman, who was traveling in Australia, heard of "The Bandit Queen," and determined to see her and find out if all the queer tales he had heard about her were true. With some difficulty he sought her out, and when he had entered the grounds he was seized, as others before him had been, and ushered into the leader's presence.

In the same way as Griffin was treated so was Anderson dealt with. He, however, rebelled and declined either to obey orders or listen to any directions whatever.

Of one thing he was positive. He knew that he loved this mysterious and beautiful woman, and he determined to make her his wife or die in the attempt. Somehow or other she acted strangely in his presence, and the end of it all was that love conquered.

Two weeks afterward the home was deserted and the band had separated. Mable Thompson, no longer the "Bandit Queen," was married to young Anderson at Sydney, and they immediately sailed for America, landing in San Francisco a few months ago.

**Parliamentary Obstruction.**  
A remarkable instance of parliamentary obstruction recently occurred in the lower house of Hungary. After a debate, extending over five weeks, the house decided by one hundred and eighty-eight votes to eighty-eight to close the discussion on the principle of the administrative reform bill. Hereupon twenty members of the opposition each brought in a counter bill, backed in, every case by ten signatures, which, according to the existing rules of the house, must be disposed of before the chamber can go into committee on the original measure. The ministry has resorted to the only remedy in its power by decreeing that the house shall sit continuously without vacations, until the reform bill is passed.

## FADS OF THE HOUR.

Some of the French fashion plates are introducing distinct, if very slight, penance.

PATENT leather shoes are no longer used by fashionable English women for evening dress, a preference being shown for black satin.

THE Japanese white and gold and Chinese blue and red room fade are fading before Egyptian apartments, which are gruesome places full of dark things, serpents, sphinxes and griffins' claws.

New spoons for olives retain the form of the teaspoon, but they have perforated bowls. Some of the new large spoons have bowls of silver in the shape of rose leaves. The latest craze is for Russian enamel.

An English notion of the moment is to tie a six-inch sash ribbon just below the waist, crossing it at the back and bringing it around to the front just below the bust, to finally tie behind in a flat bow between the shoulders and reach in long ends to the hem of the dress.

FRENCH hostesses of country house parties have made an innovation in providing skilled coiffeurs for their guests. The hairdresser comes every morning from Paris, makes the round of the chateau, and departs in the early afternoon, leaving an array of poems in coiffeurs behind him—no two alike.

**ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.**

COLORADO cliff dwellers are said by scientists to have existed 10,000 years ago.

A CAREFUL investigator has ascertained, after a long series of interesting experiments, that the mosquito's taste for human blood is an acquired one.

FIFTY huge chests were required to transport from Greece to Berlin the superb collection of the relics of Troy left by the late Dr. Schliemann to the Berlin museum of art.

THE recent losses by fire in the cargo of ships carrying cotton has shown that cottonseed oil, when held in the cotton on the outside of the bale, rapidly oxidizes and generates spontaneous combustion.

HYPODERMIC injections of chloride of gold are being used with wonderful results in an Illinois institution for curing drunkenness. The taste for liquor is eradicated within ten or twelve days, with no disagreeable symptoms. — N. Y. Times.

CIRRUS clouds, popularly called a mackerel sky, because they suggest the appearance of a school of mackerel, foretell rain; they usually precede a gathering storm of both wind and rain of some duration, although it may sometimes be of rain alone.

**WORK AND WORKERS.**

It took forty men three months to make the drawings of the Eiffel tower.

THE California raisin crop is this year estimated at 1,800 carloads, 850 more than last year.

THREE tunnels are being constructed under the harbor of Glasgow for foot passengers and trains.

OF the 118 men employed in the Temescal tin mines only 20 are Cornishmen; and 13 of these have lived in California from 10 to 30 years.

ABOUT 15,000 tons of iron and brass wire are yearly manufactured into pins in England. The Newhall works at Birmingham make 10,000,000 pins a day.

AUSTRIA, the principal matchmaker of the old world, produces no less than 2,500 tons of them every year for export merely. In England the individual average is about eight per day.

THE Miners' union of the Loire basin has bought the Monthieu mine for 10,000 francs. They will issue an appeal to all the municipal bodies of France and to the press for support for the mine as mineurs.

**THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES.**

THERE are thirteen regiments of heavy cavalry in the British army.

ITALY has gone in for military doves, and she has fifteen of them, each with about 1,000 birds.

OWING to the immense number of recruits wanted in the French army the standard of height has constantly been reduced. It is at present little more than five feet.

THE cigarette-shaped bullets which were used by the insurgent army in the battle near Valparaiso and proved so destructive to Balmaceda's forces, have great penetrating power. In some cases the bullet passed through one man and lodged in the soldier behind him, killing both.

**HORTICULTURAL GATHERINGS.**

TUBEROSE bulbs are sensitive to frost. In the year 1633 a tulip bulb was sold in Holland for \$2,400; it weighed but 900 grains.

In an English coal mine plants have grown at a depth of one thousand feet. They were perfectly erect and their foliage was blanched.

THE largest leafed plant in the world is the tree of Surinam. It extends on the ground, and often, attains a width of three feet and a length of thirty feet.

ALONG the creole coast, between Mobile and New Orleans, roses of the Marechal Niel, Jacqueminot and other rare varieties are in bloom all winter, no matter what the weather is.

**NOTES OF COMMERCE.**

NOTHING is imported direct from the United States by Siam except kerosene oil.

SEVENTEEN lines of regular ocean steamers trade from Baltimore to foreign ports.

GERMANY sends 150,000 canaries to America every year. In the Harz mountains the many peasants who rear the canaries add from \$10 to \$25 a year to their scanty wages.

JUNIPER berries used in the preparation of juniper oil are now imported from Hungary and Italy, though the juniper bush is distributed all over Norway, and could be made to yield quite a little revenue.

## CHRONICLE-UNION.

### THE PIONEER

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Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

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